THE FAKE FRIEND

By: The Dove

Nice to see you again, it's been a while since we last saw each other. Two years. Wow, that long, I had not realized. Well you know your way around so do you thing. Hey did you get the card I sent you in the mail? The post card? Yes I got one. Did you notice anything about it? Yes there was small strips of white tape over it, what was that? They covered up my name, it's like the post office covered up my name on purpose like they didn't want my name showing on my card! Let me go back and look. (Looks at card, flips front and back.) Who made these for you? Looks around, but does not answer. I already had a strong notion who, so I said: Somebody fucked up. Who ever made these didn't know what they were doing, they probably didn't select a card choice that included the name for an added cost, so the people who printed them covered the name up. I hope you didn't pay a lot for that. No the post office did it, they didn't want my name out. I thought to myself - you're a paranoid dumb ass, conspiracy theory thinking, obsessed with believing everyone is out to get you. The post office is after you, right? No you're just a brainless, neurotic zombie. You can't admit that the person you paid to make your cards is fucking stupid, that would give you that special power of finding and attracting imbecilic people. So instead of admitting your inability to make quality decisions you blame the post office.

He starts the work he came to do and we chit chat. He is simple minded, simple minded poeple are completley unaware of intricacies. When he speaks he cannot see the complexities which come, he only sees simplicity. But patterns emerge, truth comes to light, all goes right over his head. It is nothing to him, but I'm gathering crumbs that tell a story. I give thought to not just his words but the words he does not speak as well as the deeper meanings, patterns of behavior that have emerged over the years, and so on. He has been eight years of amusement to me, a toy really. Predictable and stupid.

He talks himself up, a hard worker, sacrificing for his family, a protector, courageous and dedicated. But I have seen this version of a mask before. It is an idea of a man but not a man. He does not actually wear this mask he just tells people about a mask he wishes he wore. Some people believe what is said. Others believe what they see. Still others are able to see what they are told is -a lie and understand what they see is -an act. He's the kind of guy that makes empty promises. The kind of guy that wants to receive before he ever gives. Once he gets he will decide what to give, how much and how often. It all depends on if a woman can make him feel the dream he has dreamt, to feel the mask on his face and not just pretend it is there.

I knew him, his type, before I met him. I can tell him I am the things he has dreamt of, the woman he has dreamt of and promise to make him really feel his mask and he will believe me. Not because I am especially good an convincing, but because he wants it so badly. I can fill the cup, tell him what is in it, what it tastes like, how much he will enjoy it and the affects it will have upon him and providing he wants to believe it, he will. He will taste it, he will enjoy it and he will act it. If I tell him I want him, he will believe it. If I tell him I love him, he will believe it. If I tell him I won't tell a soul, he will believe it. Only because he wants to.

But he has nothing I want. So what is the point? I enjoy the game. I enjoy the game and the game inside the game. Situations are like a puzzle, each player is a puzzle inside the puzzle, seeds of leading and misleading are puzzles inside the puzzle inside the puzzle and so on. Each situation unfolds and requires a new creative response, new seeds and another strategy and set of tactics. Once there is a winner, everyone needs to know it.

Let's hang out sometime, we haven't done that in a long time. Ya, for sure, let's do that. He leaves with his head hanging a bit low. The game wasn't played to his liking. The outcome was not a win for him. He needed someone, anyone, to put the mask on him, to make him feel like a man, to make him feel worthy, wanted, desired, successful, smart. When he cannot find someone he always has his wife to go home to. She can do her part but her part is not enough for him. He still feels like a complete failure. But he chooses to feel like a failure, because feeling like a failure is an excuse to find another woman to help him with his mask. He cries in silence, he wants her, whoever she is, to make him feel it.

Some people just cannot wait, they just can't wait to let everyone know what they are doing, who they are doing, where they are doing it and how often. They want to brag about all the things they do and have because, after all - what good is a mask if you don't get to show it off.

The dumb dumb who made the cards could not help but show off. She risked her relationship with him to prove to a perceived threat. that she had him. She wanted me to know because she thought I was her competition. She thought I was her competition because he told her something about me, I don't know what, but her actions told me she was ready to play also.

Her ego got the better of her at first, they drove her down the road into violent explosions of social media posts exacerbated by her emotions of sureness in herself and in him. Unfortunately she had not studied him and didn't know him the way I did. She must not like puzzles and games the way I do.

Dutifully I stayed tuned. Spreading seeds here and there at every opportunity. I knew they were taking hold by the after effect. A barrage of posts, phone calls, text messages. Seeds are simply a prompt to show what is already being done. Would my seeds grow or no? Yes, they grew. They grew and grew. Taking videos, screenshots, planting more seeds, watching them grow. Seeds could not be grown if the soil was not fertile. If I plant a seed it requires someone know what the seed is. If an idea is vague and planted in someone's head and they have no means of knowing because they are innocent the soil is not fertile and the seed will not grow. But if a vague seed is planted and the soil is fertile because the idea is already in the mind, the soil is fertile and the seed will grow. Seeds are not the truth nor are they a seduction to do some act out of character. Seeds are a means to draw out the acts already being done. Fear of losing something may be the most motivating fear. Fear of loss of a new love is highly motivating.

She tried to cover her fear of loss and ultimately rejection through egotistical posts. Giving the appearance of a solid foundation of lust, love, and a special connection. In hope of causing a self-esteem collapse in her perceived competition. All the while using her posts to boost the mask closer to her married boyfriends face dreaming of making him love her more.

Loss of him would not only be embarrassing but well known in return, returned to her by way of having done the same to her that she has done. Probably a worst fear of all fears. The fear of reciprocation. The fear of being less, of losing, used to make someone else jealous because it is someone else they want more.

Eventually, it all breaks down in a controlled fashion. The complete story is released, the secrets are revealed. The players have to throw down the old masks as they are thrust unexpectedly into a new situation which forces the masks from their face. Ripping them off quickly, they have not had a chance to practice, talk about, think about, and not being ready for it fail miserably. They have to suddenly pretend to be something they were unprepared for. To throw down the old mask and replace it with a new one. Without practicing for the new part causes fatal mistakes to be made.

Emotionally distressed, the ability to think is diminished. A few more posts, crudely drawn pictures of a rifle along with statements of sadness over the break-up. She must be at least partially insane or fully stupid. I have not figured out which yet, perhaps both. Past comments on her social media helped me realize that she is the one who made his business cards, she has posted that she does this sort of thing, she creates cards, invitations, drawings, and such. Her posts helped me realize - she is the one, the one he hired to make his advertisements, his cards. This means she has all my personal information. Name, Address and probably phone number. Not just mine, all his customers. She drew the picture of the rifle and a picture of two people holding hands and a statement of her sadness over the loss of their relationship. In other words he has a woman he found who seems to have only half a mind and no control of her emotions, was not afraid to attack anyone that was a perceived threat at the expense of all his hard work building up his business, but she could not take the full blame. It was more him than her. She would have known nothing if he had not told her. She could have been nothing if he had not made her a part of his business and his life. None of this would have happened if he had stayed faithful to his marriage, his wife and children. He chose this path. He had everything to lose and continued with it anyway. He was deceitful, manipulative and behind the scenes controlled it all, and in his own words, "an asshole."